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C-2

Readings Booklet

January 2002



English 33

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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January 2002
English 33
Part B: Reading
Readings Booklet
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 33 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to complete the examination.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 33 Readings Booklet **and** an English 33 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

I. Questions 1 to 8 in your Questions Booklet are based on this short story.

This story is set in Scotland. Findlay is in the second year of an apprenticeship program in a mechanic shop. He is under the guidance of Angus MacPhail, who has been a mechanic for forty years.

HERON

When the lunch-bell rang, Findlay pulled himself from underneath the car he was working on and made his way across the workshop to the toilet.

“Would you look at the speed of that,” one of the mechanics shouted after him, grinning to the others. Findlay removed his overalls and scrubbed the oil
5 from his hands and face.

“D’you think he’s off to meet a lassie?”

The mechanics did not change for lunch. Their dirty overalls were a uniform, worn with pride. Every day they crossed the road to the pub, where they were served re-heated pies and pints of heavy.¹ They ate and drank standing up, in
10 position, at the bar.

It was raining on Dumbarton Road. Umbrellas flowered open, their colours smeared across shop windows and trampled in dirty puddles under foot. The lunch-time rush hour was on; bank clerks and secretaries cascaded down the steps of grey office blocks, swelling the flow of people on the street. Uncovered,
15 Findlay pushed against the flow. He passed a man at a bus stop who cursed the weather and the buses. The man flapped his arms, shaking water from his coat.

Once inside the park, Findlay followed his usual path, eating his piece² as he went. He had served two years of his apprenticeship, and for two years he had come to the park. He talked to no one, enjoying the solitude: an escape from the
20 constant noise and jokes at work. The mechanics thought he was odd. They couldn’t understand why he didn’t come to the pub, and some of them resented him for it.

Only Angus seemed to understand.

“Leave the lad alone, he’s no³ doing any harm,” he would say to the others,
25 when they made fun of Findlay.

Angus MacPhail was the oldest serving mechanic in the garage. He was a big man, bald and beer-bellied. The lines chiselled across his face, and clogged with oil, were a mark of forty years in the trade. When Findlay started working there, Angus took him under his wing.

Continued

¹heavy—dark beer

²piece—a slice of meat pie

³no—not

30 “I worked with your father at Stevenson’s, back when they were still British Leyland,” he explained on that first day. “I’ve promised him I’ll look out for you, it’s the least I can do.

They had stopped for a tea-break; Angus perched on his tool box, and Findlay resting on the side of a car, holding its carburettor⁴ in his hands.

35 “How is the old man these days?”

Angus had to raise his voice above the sound of an engine being tuned, the question came out louder than he intended.

“Sorry, son, you don’t have to say anything.”

40 “It’s okay, he’s no bad,” Findlay answered, his eyes fixed on the carburettor, intimidated by the precision of its valves and floats.

“The doctor wanted to get him into the hospital, but Da said he wasnae⁵ going to end his days in a ward in the Western.” Findlay shrugged. “That was that, he’ll no even give up the fags.”⁶

Findlay followed the path which ran alongside the Kelvin, walking as far as it
45 took for the river sound to drown the noise of traffic. In the summer, he sat beneath the trees on the river bank. He would eat his piece and then lie back, enjoying the warmth of the sun. It was too wet to sit, so he crossed the Kelvin Way and headed towards the fountain.

On dry days, the skateboarders were there. Findlay sometimes came to watch
50 them, entranced, as they raced around the fountain; flipping and spinning their boards like acrobats; baseball-capped and brightly dressed, their jeans threadbare and torn. He imagined his father’s voice:

“No son of mine’ll be seen out in the street with his arse hanging out his trousers.”

55 Findlay knew he was no acrobat; he mended cars. Turning away from the fountain, he walked on.

A woman was waving to him, by the duck pond. He recognized her immediately, she was one of the regulars who came to the park every day.

60 She and her dog had first appeared on a cold day in autumn. Findlay had been sitting on a bench beneath the University tower when he noticed her. She was on the lower path. The dog, a Jack Russell, ran ahead, stopping now and then to burrow among the piled leaves. The woman who walked her dog had dark hair and a Roman nose. She was as tall as her dog was small, and she strode through

Continued

⁴carburettor—carburetor; a device in a vehicle’s engine that produces a mixture of vapourized fuel and air

⁵wasnae—was not

⁶fags—cigarettes

the park with an ease that Findlay admired. He often looked out for her; and,
65 though they never spoke, they nodded to each other when they passed.

She was there, by the duck pond; and she was waving him over. Findlay, confused, felt his cheeks burn.

They both stood against the fence. She grasped his arm with one hand and pointed to the island in the middle of the pond with the other, her eyes shining.

70 "Look, do you see it? Under the bushes."

A heron stood in the shade, perfectly still, its sleek head tucked into its chest. It was a grey shadow, with one bright eye staring out at them.

"Can you believe it? A heron in the middle of Glasgow."

Findlay couldn't believe it; her hair, damp, falling just like that; and so close,
75 her hand still clutching his arm; and the heron.

"I've never seen a heron. No a real one, alive."

"Magic, eh?" She smiled and squeezed his arm.

The dog barked. Startled by the noise, the heron lifted its head and unfurled its wings; ready to fly in an instant. She let go his arm and stood back from the
80 fence. Calling softly to the dog, she moved away. The heron curled back in on itself. As she went, the woman who walked her dog called back to Findlay, over her shoulder:

"I'm glad you saw it too."

Findlay ran back along Dumbarton Road. The man at the bus stop was still there,
85 still cursing.

The foreman caught him putting on his overalls.

"Where've you been?"

Findlay apologized, out of breath.

"You'll make sure and no be late again."

90 "Aye, I'll make sure."

That afternoon he and Angus worked on a car together, fitting a new starter-motor.

"You're quiet the day, Fin, what's on your mind?"

Findlay said nothing, and then asked:

95 "Did you always want to be a mechanic?"

Angus laughed from beneath the car.

"No much difference now if I hadnae."⁷

His hand appeared up through the bowels of the engine. It was a broad hand, calloused and scarred. Findlay placed a ratchet and socket, the right size, on the
100 open palm.

Continued

⁷hadnae—had not

“I wanted to be a forestry man.” Angus’s voice was quiet, muffled. “Can you imagine that, eh? Me stuck in some wee hut in the middle of nowhere. Looking after bloody fir trees.”

105 When Angus crawled out from under the car, he threw the ratchet into his tool box and dumped the old starter in a bin.

That night, Findlay lay in a bed that had been too small for him for years. In the room next door he could hear his father wheeze and cough; a hacking cough, trying to clear lungs that would never clear. Sleep wouldn’t come, so he wrapped his quilt around his shoulders and went to the window. They lived on the top
110 floor of a tenement, high on Maryhill Road. From his window, Findlay looked out over Glasgow. The rain clouds had passed and the sky was black, starless.

The heron would be gone by tomorrow, Findlay knew that. He imagined it rising up from the park, its beak stretched forward like the point of a compass. Silently, it would head north, wings beating steadily through the night, out and
115 away from the city.

Douglas Strang
Scottish writer

II. Questions 9 to 16 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a book.

from WAITING FOR THE WEEKEND

Ask anyone how long they spend at work and they can tell you exactly; it is more difficult to keep track of leisure. For one thing, it is irregular; for another, it varies from person to person. For some, cutting the lawn is a burden; for others it is a pleasurable pastime. Going to the mall can be a casual
10 Saturday outing, or it can be a chore. Most would count watching television as leisure, but what about Sunday brunch? . . .

Twenty years ago Staffan Linder, a Swedish sociologist, wrote a book about the paradox of increasing affluence and decreasing leisure time in the United States. . . . Linder observed that in a
20 prosperous consumer society there was a conflict between the market's promotion of luxury goods and the individual's leisure time. When work hours were first shortened, there were few luxury items available to the general public, and the extra free time was generally devoted to leisure. With the
30 growth of the so-called "leisure industry," people were offered a choice: more free time or more spending? Only the wealthy could have both. If the average person wanted to indulge in expensive

recreations such as skiing or sailing, or to buy expensive entertainment devices, it would be necessary to work more—to trade his or her free time for overtime or
40 a second job. Whether because of the effectiveness of advertising or from simple acquisitiveness,¹ most people chose spending over more free time.

Linder's thesis was that economic growth caused an increasing scarcity of time, and that statistics showing an increase in personal incomes were not
50 necessarily a sign of growing prosperity. People were earning more because they were working more. A large percentage of free time was being converted into what he called "consumption time," and mirrored a shift from "time-intensive" to "goods-intensive" leisure. According to *U.S. News & World Report*,
60 Americans now spend more than \$13 billion annually on sports clothing; put another way, about 1.3 billion hours of potential leisure time are exchanged for leisure wear—for increasingly elaborate running shoes, certified hiking shorts, and monogrammed warm-up suits. In 1989, to pay for

Continued

¹acquisitiveness—desire to gain or possess

70 these indulgences, more workers
than ever before—6.2 percent—
held a second, part-time job.

Probably the most dramatic
change is the large-scale entry of
women into the labor force. In
1950 only thirty percent of
American women worked outside
the home, and this primarily out of
economic necessity. Beginning in
the 1960s middle-class women,
80 dissatisfied with their suburban
isolation and willing to trade at
least some of their leisure time for
purchasing power, started to look
for paid employment. By 1986
more than half of all adult
women—including married
women with children—worked
outside the home. Nor are these
trends slowing down; between
90 1980 and 1988, the number of
families with two or more wage
earners rose from 19 to 21 million.

“Working outside the home” is
the correct way to describe the
situation, for housework (three or
four hours a day) still needs to be
done. Whether it is shared, or,
more commonly, falls on the
shoulders of women as part of their
100 “second shift,” leisure time for one
or both partners is drastically
reduced. Moreover, homes are
larger than at any time in the
postwar period, and bigger houses
also mean more time spent in
cleaning, upkeep, and repairs.²

Even if one chooses to consume
less and stay at home, there are
other things that cut into free time.

110 Commuting to and from work
takes longer than it used to. So
does shopping—the weekly trip to
the mall consumes more time than
a stroll to the neighborhood corner
store. Decentralized suburban life,
which is to say American life, is
based on the automobile. Parents
become chauffeurs, ferrying their
children back and forth to dance
120 classes, hockey games, and the
community pool. At home,
telephone answering machines
have to be played back, the
household budget entered into the
personal computer, the lawn
mower dropped off at the repair
shop, the car—or cars—serviced.
All these convenient labor-saving
devices relentlessly eat into our
130 discretionary time. For many
executives, administrators, and
managers, the reduction of leisure
time is also the result of office
technology that brings work to the
home. Fax machines, paging
devices, and portable computers
mean that taking work home at
night is no longer difficult or
voluntary. Even the contemplative
140 quiet of the morning automobile
commute is now disrupted by the
presence of the cellular telephone.

There is no contradiction between

Continued

²The average size of a new American home in the 1950s was less than 1,000 square feet; by 1983 it had increased to 1,710 square feet, and in 1986 had expanded another 115 square feet.

the surveys that indicate a reversing trend, resulting in less free time, and the claim that the weekend dominates our leisure. Longer hours and more overtime cut mainly into weekday leisure. So do longer commuting, driving the kids, and Friday-night shopping. The weekend—or what’s left of it, after Saturday household chores—is when we have time to relax.

But the weekend has imposed a rigid schedule on our free time, which can result in a sense of urgency (“soon it will be Monday”) that is at odds with relaxation. The weekly rush to the cottage is hardly leisurely, nor is the compression of various recreational activities into the two-day break. The freedom to do something has become the obligation to do something, just as Chesterton³ foretold, and the list of dutiful recreations includes strenuous disciplines intended for self-improvement (fitness exercises, jogging, bicycling), competitive sports (tennis, golf), and skill-testing pastimes (sailing, skiing).

Recreations such as tennis or sailing are hardly new, but before the arrival of the weekend, for most people, they were chiefly seasonal activities. Once a year, when vacation time came around, tennis racquets were removed from the back of the cupboard, swimwear was taken out of mothballs, skis were dusted off. The accent was

less on technique than on having a good time. It was like playing Scrabble at the summer cottage: no one remembers all the rules, but everyone can still enjoy the game. Now the availability of free time every weekend has changed this casual attitude. The very frequency of weekend recreations allows continual participation and continual improvement, which encourage the development of proficiency and skill.

Skill is necessary since difficulty characterizes modern recreations. Many nineteenth-century amusements, such as rowing, were not particularly involved and required little instruction; mastering windsurfing, on the other hand, takes considerable practice and dexterity—which is part of the attraction. Even relatively simple games are complicated by the need to excel. Hence the emphasis on professionalism, which is expressed by the need to have the proper equipment and the correct costume (especially the right shoes). The desire for mastery isn’t limited to outdoor recreations; it also includes complicated hobbies such as woodworking, electronics, and automobile restoration. All this suggests that the modern weekend is characterized by not only the sense of obligation to do something but the obligation to do it *well*.

The desire to do something well,

Continued

³Chesterton—G.K. Chesterton (1874–1936), English critic and author

whether it is sailing a boat—or
building a boat—reflects a need
that was previously met in the
workplace. Competence was
shown on the job—holidays were
for messing around. Nowadays the
situation is reversed. Technology
has removed craft from most
occupations. This is true in
230 assembly-line jobs, where almost
no training or experience, hence no
skill, is required, as well as in most
service positions (store clerks, fast-
food attendants) where the only
talent required is to learn how to
smile and say “have a good day.”
But it’s also increasingly true in
such skill-dependent work as house
construction, where the majority of
240 parts come ready-made from the
factory and the carpenter merely
assembles them, or automobile

repair, which consists largely in
replacing one throwaway part with
another. Nor is the reduction of
skills limited to manual work.
Memory, once the prerequisite skill
of the white-collar worker, has been
rendered superfluous by computers;
250 teachers, who once needed
dramatic skills, now depend on
mechanical aids such as slide
projectors and video machines; in
politics, oratory⁴ has been killed by
the thirty-second sound bite.

Hence an unexpected
development in the history of
leisure. For many, weekend free
time has become not a chance to
260 escape work but a chance to create
work that is more meaningful—to
work at recreation—in order to
realize the personal satisfactions
that the workplace no longer offers.

Witold Rybczynski (1943–)
professor of urbanism at the University of Pennsylvania

⁴oratory—the art of public speaking

- III. Robin has been asked to write a brief article on the influence of technology on leisure for the school magazine. Read the first draft of Robin's article, carefully noting the revisions. Then, answer questions 17 to 22 in your Questions Booklet.

TECHNOLOGY AND LEISURE

We live in an age in which we are constantly urged to buy new products. As soon as ^{inventors} factories think of a way to make some task easier, everyone feels obligated to buy their latest invention. Or, if designers can improve an existing device by making it faster, smaller, or ^{more efficient,} ~~smarter,~~ suddenly last year's model becomes obsolete. I often wonder if all these ^{technological developments} ~~things~~ help us to make better use of our leisure time.

For example, my dad just bought a new laptop computer. His previous laptop was only two years old, but it lacked sufficient memory. Even though he has desktop computers at work and at home, he says he needs a laptop so that he can be more effective in meetings. This seems ^{somewhat excessive} ~~a bit extreme~~ to me because, as a result, he hardly ever has any time to relax. Technology hasn't made his job easier or given him more free time.

In our social studies 23 class, we learned that people who were opposed to the development of manufacturing machines were called ^{Luddites. Unlike them,} ~~Luddites.~~ ^{Myself,} I'm not against technology, but I am opposed to its overuse. People who spend most of their leisure time surfing the Internet or glued to the TV are in danger of becoming techno-junkies. We should learn to use technology wisely to enrich our lives, both at work and at play. ^{We} ~~we~~ should resist the urge to overuse it.

Continued

The book *Waiting for the Weekend* states that some people use too much of their
20 leisure time working to pay for expensive “toys” that would make their leisure
time more enjoyable. Some of my friends fall into this category, but I don’t want
to be like them. Nor do I want to be the kind of person who thinks that leisure
time is just time in which to do nothing.

I want to use my leisure time productively. I derive satisfaction from learning to
25 ski well or play my guitar well, and for these hobbies, I need good equipment.
In order to pay for my hobbies, I work part time; but I also value my leisure time
highly and refuse to work too many hours per week. To enjoy a full life, we
should realize our potential. ^{,whether working or playing} We should use the technology that enhances the
enjoyment of leisure time but [^] ~~don’t go overboard on buying a whole lot of stuff.~~
[^] ~~not allow the technology to become an obsession.~~

IV. Questions 23 to 30 in your Questions booklet are based on this poem.

A CONSECRATION¹

Luke remembered
their last days on the island
gathering what was
to be taken
5 as young gulls swayed
above the sun-grazed swell
and a lingering mist
ghosted in the garden gleam.
And he remembered
10 the clergyman telling them
to burn all the boards
from the dismantled church
because such wood was consecrated.
But next day Luke's brother came
15 in the big white skiff
and took the wood away
to build a house.
And as the months passed
Luke was uneasy²
20 about the anointed² wood
until that morning
when he heard the meek cry
of his brother's firstborn
within the sanctuary³
25 of the new walls
as dawn stroked window glass
and kettle mist ascended
to the sturdy beams.

Tom Dawe
Newfoundland writer

¹Consecration—the ceremony, act or process of declaring a person, place, or thing sacred

²anointed—blessed or made holy

³sanctuary—a sacred place; a place of safety

V. Questions 31 to 40 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

MY LOVE FOR MIRACLES OF THE IMAGINATION

One night back in the 50s when television was making its first big impact, my friend Ralph Allen, at that time editor of *Maclean's*, said to me: "We'd better all start learning to handle pictures and images. From now on there'll be less and less reading of stories or anything else. In fact, we should be worrying about whether
5 reading is on the way out."

I simply couldn't believe this. We argued. I wasn't quite sure why I was so utterly positive I was right, and I remember that on the way home I tried to figure it out, and now I think I did.

I saw then that watching television and reading are two entirely different
10 experiences. You can love one and hate the other. You can get so drugged by television that you can't take the time to read anything. Reading becomes an effort. Television is a spectator sport.

What you are watching is all outside you and goes on even if for long stretches you are falling asleep. I watch a lot of television; I get comfortable in
15 the chair and half the time I'm daydreaming, I'm thinking of something else, half hypnotized, mentally inert,¹ but comfortable, very comfortable.

But reading—this vastly different experience—requires work from me. My inner eye comes to life. If it's a story I'm reading, the figures come to life on the screen of my own imagination.

20 Language, just words, is making the miracle. The greatest wonder of humankind is probably the development of language, and the second wonder, growing out of the first one, is learning to read; letting another man or woman who is maybe dead, or maybe 10,000 miles away, reach into one's imagination and create a vivid, moving world.

25 A man sits alone with a book, the whole world around him grows silent, a voice so secret it can't be heard, just felt, is whispering to him and leading him deep into the world of the greatest wonder and power—his own imagination.

To this day I remember the first long story I ever read. It was called "The Fall of the House of Garth." I was nine years old. The book was a cheap pulp
30 horror story. I forget who gave it to me. But I'll never forget my rapt² attention or how the figures were dancing around so wildly in my imagination.

I had discovered reading and what it could do for the free, fresh imagination and how it could enlarge the whole world of wonders, and as time passed and I grew much older, and though I read and read a thousand works, I think I was

Continued

¹inert—sluggish, inactive

²rapt—deeply absorbed, engrossed

35 always looking for some writer, some book that would give back to me the fresh imagination of a child.

Ripeness is all, freshness is all—how do you get this stuff? Where do you get it? And looking back, and looking around at others, I can see that the person who keeps stimulating his or her imagination, stretching it like a rubber band through
40 the visions of others coming through lovely reading, never grows old in the heart.

I had a friend, a Russian Jew who had some serious optical problem. He wore glasses with very thick lenses. I asked him what had ruined his eyesight. He said that when he was a boy in Russia his parents had been very poor. He had had to work hard. His mother always got him to bed very early and turned out the
45 light. But he would have a flashlight in the bed, and pulling the covers over his head, he would read by the flashlight.

He read the stories of Chekhov, then book after book of Tolstoy before his eyes finally went on him. Looking back on it, he couldn't regret the damage to his eyes, he said. In his little tent under the covers his beam of light had opened
50 up new worlds, worlds he would walk in the rest of his life; worlds that put him far beyond his poverty-stricken home and made him aware of lives far different than his own.

As this man knows, now that he is middle-aged, you don't have to have money, or go to college, to find the magic of reading bringing new planets
55 swinging into your ken. It happened in a big way for me, though, in my first year at college. Up to that time I had been reading for fun all the boys' books, then Dumas and the Three Musketeers, and so on.

And then one day, sitting in the Hart House library, I picked up a short novel by a Russian I had heard of, Dostoyevsky. The little book jarred³ me; I knew I
60 was being forced to look at things in a new way. I had got my first taste of real writing. I was excited. I had to find other writers who had other upsetting visions. For me they became the great writers. I remember being curled up on a couch in that library, reading Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. I should have been at a lecture. But I had to get to the end of the book. Yet I did not want the book
65 to end.

Well, Flaubert, in one of his letters to the great Russian Turgenev, said that there was nothing new for a writer to say, but there had to be new ways of saying the old things. All my life I've had this in mind as I read and read, and when I
70 find a writer who has his own way of saying things, I get excited; another angle of life; again the new planet.

I used to find that sometimes I was not in the mood for new things, and then I would read as I watched television—just relaxing. At one time I read all of

Continued

³jarred—startled, unsettled, shocked

Agatha Christie, and all of the tough mysteries of Raymond Chandler. I'll read any newspaper, too. The newspaper is in my blood. I have to know what's going on.

75

But back in my mind, always is the longing to read something that will not only stir me, but give back to me the unspoiled freshness of imagination that I had as a child when I read "The Fall of the House of Garth." The trouble is I'm a professional writer, and even when I'm reading a good book now, my critical intelligence is getting too often in the way of my imagination.

80

Another bad thing I have to guard against as I grow older is finding it easier to read nonfiction than fiction. A book like Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror* about the European fourteenth century can completely absorb me. I don't have to use my imagination at all. Ah, that worries me!

85

Then I look around eagerly for good new story writers. I now know I have one simple rule for knowing if they're good. They're good if they make me want to write. Or excite my imagination.

90

I know what it's like for a man who finally comes to realize that he has let his imagination wither and die and has grown old in the heart. He knows he is half dead. I saw it one night in a man I knew who was with me at a big party.

95

He was a very successful executive and only 55. He was having trouble with his wife. Sitting on the stairs he called, "Morley, sit with me. I want to tell you something." Holding my arm tight, he said desperately, "When I come home at night I'm tired. The rat race. I eat, I have a drink, I pick up *Time* magazine. I read three pages and fall asleep. . . ."

100

He had started to cry. Tears were running down his cheeks. "I know I'm a little drunk," he said, "but I used to read all the time. When I was at college I was crazy about Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf. I read Sherwood Anderson, I read . . . oh, what happened to me?"

100

I often think of this man, particularly when I'm about to fall into a sweet little sleep, watching television.

Morley Callaghan (1903–1990)

Canadian writer and journalist who won the Governor General's Award in 1952

VI. Questions 41 to 49 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

SHELLING PEAS

In the desert heat of Saskatchewan August
like exhausted dancers peas wilt by mid-day;
you must rise in the early morning to pick
the plump pods at their peak of freshness.

- 5 In the shade you sit with three containers:
the basket of peas, waiting to be depearled,
the smaller bucket for the rattle of peas,
the waste container for the emptied pods.
You take care in the placement of the three—
10 eliminate wasted movement, position each
to suit your handedness, minimize the time
between the plucking of the fresh pod
and expelling of the spent shell.

- Your thumbnail becomes an oyster knife
15 to pry the shell, the thumb slides inside
the violated lips and thrums¹ the gems
into the bucket in a green dance of hail;
the other hand flips the husks away.
In seconds it is a familiar act,
20 new as spring, ageless as love:
slit of thumbnail, crack of entry,
chorus of peas, snap of discards.
You slip easily into this harvest ritual,
become one with a million others
25 who ply² this same rite of summer.

Continued

¹thrums—makes repeated strumming or drumming sounds

²ply—perform or work diligently

There is no boredom here in repetition.
Each pod is its own mystery, its own small world.
And you become the eternal peasant, held
in abounding fascination with living things.
30 You now become a mere extension
of something you sense but can not fully know:
why this ritual courses small, almost imperceptible
tremors through the nerves and sinews of the arm
to warm the thumb and fingers with old messages.
35 You lapse into the easy movement of the hands
with a satisfaction that lies just below
the skin of consciousness like tiny emeralds
singing their green notes in mid-summer dance.
In the coolness of early morning you turn
40 the seasons between your thumb and fingers
and hold the rain in your hands.

Glen Sorestad (1937–)
Sorestad was named the first
Poet Laureate of Saskatchewan.

VII. Questions 50 to 60 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

The play is set after the end of the Second World War. Larry Keller was reported missing in action three years earlier. Larry's girlfriend, ANN, returns to her hometown on the invitation of Larry's brother, CHRIS. Both CHRIS and JOE KELLER are certain that Larry is dead, but MOTHER (Kate Keller) still hopes for his return. During the war, JOE KELLER and ANN's father, who were close friends and neighbours, became partners in a business related to the war effort. They were accused and convicted of criminal negligence in the production of defective cylinder heads that were installed in airplanes. ANN's father remains in prison.

from ALL MY SONS

CHARACTERS:

ANN—Ann Deever

KELLER—Joe Keller

MOTHER—Kate Keller

CHRIS—Chris Keller

ANN (*To KELLER.*): Do they still remember the case, Joe? Do they talk about you?

KELLER: The only one still talks about it is my wife.

5 MOTHER: That's because you keep on playing policeman with the kids. All their parents hear out of you is jail, jail, jail.

KELLER: Actually what happened was that when I got home from the penitentiary the kids got very interested in me. You know kids. I was (*Laughs.*) like the expert on the jail situation. And as time passed they got it confused and . . . I ended up a detective. (*Laughs.*)

10 MOTHER: Except that *they* didn't get it confused. (*To ANN.*) He hands out police badges from the Post Toasties boxes. (*They laugh.*)

ANN (*Wondrously at them, happily. She rises and comes to KELLER, putting her arm around his shoulder.*): Gosh, it's wonderful to hear you laughing about it.

15 CHRIS: Why, what'd you expect?

ANN: The last thing I remember on this block was one word—"Murderers!" Remember that, Kate? . . . Mrs. Hammond standing in front of our house and yelling that word . . . She's still around, I suppose?

MOTHER: They're all still around.

20 KELLER: Don't listen to her. Every Saturday night the whole gang is playin' poker in this arbor. All the ones who yelled murderer takin' my money now.

Continued

MOTHER: Don't Joe, she's a sensitive girl, don't fool her. (*To ANN.*) They still remember about Dad.¹ It's different with him—(*Indicates JOE.*)—he was exonerated, your father's still there. That's why I wasn't so enthusiastic about your coming. Honestly, I know how sensitive you are, and I told Chris, I said . . .

KELLER: Listen, you do like I did and you'll be all right. The day I come home, I got out of my car;—but not in front of the house . . . on the corner. You should've been here, Annie, and you too, Chris; you'd-a seen something. Everybody knew I was getting out that day; the porches were loaded. Picture it now; none of them believed I was innocent. The story was, I pulled a fast one getting myself exonerated. So I get out of my car, and I walk down the street. But very slow. And with a smile. The beast! I was the beast; the guy who sold cracked cylinder heads to the Army Air Force; the guy who made twenty-one P-40's crash in Australia. Kid, walkin' down the street that day I was guilty as hell. Except I wasn't, and there was a court paper in my pocket to prove I wasn't, and I walked . . . past . . . the porches. Result? Fourteen months later I had one of the best shops in the state again, a respected man again; bigger than ever.

CHRIS (*With admiration.*): Joe McGuts.

KELLER (*Now with great force.*): That's the only way you lick 'em is guts! (*To ANN.*) The worst thing you did was to move away from here. You made it tough for your father when he gets out. That's why I tell you, I like to see him move back right on this block.

MOTHER (*Pained.*): How could they move back?

KELLER: It ain't gonna end *till* they move back! (*To ANN.*) Till people play cards with him again, and talk with him, and smile with him—you play cards with a man you know he can't be a murderer. And the next time you write him I like you to tell him just what I said. (*ANN simply stares at him.*) You hear me?

ANN (*Surprised.*): Don't you hold anything against him?

KELLER: Annie, I never believed in crucifying people.

ANN (*Mystified.*): But he was your partner, he dragged you through the mud . . .

KELLER: Well, he ain't my sweetheart, but you gotta forgive, don't you?

ANN: You, either, Kate? Don't you feel any . . . ?

KELLER (*To ANN.*): The next time you write Dad . . .²

ANN: I don't write him.

KELLER (*Struck.*): Well every now and then you . . .

ANN (*A little ashamed, but determined.*): No, I've *never* written to him. Neither has my brother. (*To CHRIS.*) Say, do you feel this way, too?

Continued

^{1,2}Dad—Ann's father

CHRIS: He murdered twenty-one pilots.

KELLER: What the hell kinda talk is that?

MOTHER: That's not a thing to say about a man.

ANN: What else can you say? When they took him away I followed him, went to
65 him every visiting day. I was crying all the time. Until the news came about
Larry. Then I realized. It's wrong to pity a man like that. Father or no
father, there's only one way to look at him. He knowingly shipped out
parts that would crash an airplane. And how do you know Larry wasn't one
of them?

70 MOTHER: I was waiting for that. (*Going to her.*) As long as you're here, Annie, I
want to ask you never to say that again.

ANN: You surprise me. I thought you'd be mad at him.

MOTHER: What your father did had nothing to do with Larry. Nothing.

ANN: But we can't know that.

75 MOTHER (*Striving for control.*): As long as you're here!

ANN (*Perplexed.*): But, Kate . . .

MOTHER: Put that out of your head!

KELLER: Because . . .

MOTHER (*Quickly to KELLER.*): That's all, that's enough. (*Places her hand on*
80 *her head.*) Come inside now, and have some tea with me. (*She turns and*
goes up steps.)

KELLER (*To ANN.*): The one thing you . . .

MOTHER (*Sharply.*): He's not dead, so there's no argument! Now come!

KELLER (*Angrily.*): In a minute! (*MOTHER turns and goes into house.*) Now
85 look, Annie . . .

CHRIS: All right, Dad, forget it.

KELLER: No, she dasn't feel that way. Annie . . .

CHRIS: I'm sick of the whole subject, now cut it out.

KELLER: You want her to go on like this? (*To ANN.*) Those cylinder heads
90 went into P-40's only. What's the matter with you? You know Larry
never flew a P-40.

CHRIS: So who flew those P-40's, pigs?

KELLER: The man was a fool, but don't make a murderer out of him. You got no
sense? Look what it does to her! (*To ANN.*) Listen, you gotta appreciate
95 what was doin' in that shop in the war. The both of you! It was a
madhouse. Every half hour the Major callin' for cylinder heads, they were
whippin' us with the telephone. The trucks were hauling them away hot,
damn near. I mean just try to see it human, see it human. All of a sudden a
batch comes out with a crack. That happens, that's the business. A fine
100 hairline crack. All right, so . . . so he's a little man, your father, always

Continued

- scared of loud voices. What'll the Major say?—Half a day's production shot . . . What'll I say? You know what I mean? Human. (*He pauses.*) So he takes out his tools and he . . . covers over the cracks. All right . . . that's bad, it's wrong, but that's what a little man does. If I could have gone in that day I'd a told him—junk 'em, Herb, we can afford it. But alone he was afraid. But I know he meant no harm. He believed they'd hold up a hundred percent. That's a mistake, but it ain't murder. You musn't feel that way about him. You understand me? It ain't right.
- 105 ANN (*She regards him a moment.*): Joe, let's forget it.
- 110 KELLER: Annie, the day the news came about Larry he was in the next cell to mine . . . Dad.³ And he cried, Annie . . . he cried half the night.
- ANN (*Touched.*): He shoulda cried all night. (*Slight pause.*)
- KELLER (*Almost angered.*): Annie, I do not understand why you . . . !
- CHRIS (*Breaking in—with nervous urgency.*): Are you going to stop it?!
- 115 ANN: Don't yell at him. He just wants everybody happy.

Arthur Miller (1915–)
Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright

³Dad—Ann's father

VIII. Questions 61 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this short story.

THE NIGHT THE BED FELL

I suppose that the high-water mark of my youth in Columbus, Ohio, was the night the bed fell on my father. It makes a better recitation¹ (unless, as some friends of mine have said, one has heard it five or six times) than it does a piece of writing, for it is almost necessary to throw furniture around, shake doors, and bark like a dog, to lend the proper atmosphere and verisimilitude² to what is admittedly a somewhat incredible tale. Still, it did take place.

It happened, then, that my father had decided to sleep in the attic one night, to be away where he could think. My mother opposed the notion strongly because, she said, the old wooden bed up there was unsafe: it was wobbly and the heavy headboard would crash down on father's head in case the bed fell, and kill him. There was no dissuading him, however, and at a quarter past ten he closed the attic door behind him and went up the narrow twisting stairs. We later heard ominous creakings as he crawled into bed. Grandfather, who usually slept in the attic bed when he was with us, had disappeared some days before. . . .

We had visiting us at this time a nervous first cousin of mine named Briggs Beall, who believed that he was likely to cease breathing when he was asleep. It was his feeling that if he were not awakened every hour during the night, he might die of suffocation. He had been accustomed to setting an alarm clock to ring at intervals until morning, but I persuaded him to abandon this. He slept in my room and I told him that I was such a light sleeper that if anybody quit breathing in the same room with me, I would wake instantly. He tested me the first night—which I had suspected he would—by holding his breath after my regular breathing had convinced him I was asleep. I was not asleep, however, and called to him. This seemed to allay his fears a little, but he took the precaution of putting a glass of spirits of camphor³ on a little table at the head of his bed. In case I didn't arouse him until he was almost gone, he said, he would sniff the camphor, a powerful reviver. . . .

By midnight we were all in bed. The layout of the rooms and the disposition of their occupants is important to an understanding of what later occurred. In the front room upstairs (just under father's attic bedroom) were my mother and my brother Herman, who sometimes sang in his sleep, usually "Marching Through Georgia" or "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Briggs Beall and myself were in a room adjoining this one. My brother Roy was in a room across the hall from ours. Our bull terrier, Rex, slept in the hall.

Continued

¹recitation—dramatic storytelling

²verisimilitude—the quality of appearing to be true or real

³camphor—strong-scented medicine

35 My bed was an army cot, one of those affairs which are made wide enough to sleep on comfortably only by putting up, flat with the middle section, the two sides which ordinarily hang down like the side-boards of a drop-leaf table. When these sides are up, it is perilous to roll too far toward the edge, for then the cot is likely to tip completely over, bringing the whole bed down on top of one, with a
40 tremendous crash. This, in fact, is precisely what happened, about two o'clock in the morning. (It was my mother who, in recalling the scene later, first referred to it as "the night the bed fell on your father.")

Always a deep sleeper, slow to arouse (I had lied to Briggs), I was at first unconscious of what had happened when the iron cot rolled me onto the floor and
45 toppled over on me. It left me still warmly bundled up and unhurt, for the bed rested above me like a canopy. Hence I did not wake up, only reached the edge of consciousness and went back. The racket, however, instantly awakened my mother, in the next room, who came to the immediate conclusion that her worst dread was realized: the big wooden bed upstairs had fallen on father. She
50 therefore screamed, "Let's go to your poor father!" It was this shout, rather than the noise of my cot falling, that awakened Herman in the same room with her. He thought that mother had become, for no apparent reason, hysterical. "You're all right, Mamma!" he shouted, trying to calm her. They exchanged shout for shout for perhaps ten seconds: "Let's go to your poor father!" and "You're all right!"
55 That woke up Briggs. By this time I was conscious of what was going on, in a vague way, but did not yet realize that I was under my bed instead of on it. Briggs, awakening in the midst of loud shouts of fear and apprehension, came to the quick conclusion that he was suffocating and that we were all trying to "bring him out." With a low moan, he grasped the glass of camphor at the head of his bed and
60 instead of sniffing it poured it over himself. The room reeked of camphor. "Ugh, ahfg," choked Briggs, like a drowning man, for he had almost succeeded in stopping his breath under the deluge of pungent spirits. He leaped out of bed and groped toward the open window, but he came up against one that was closed. With his hand, he beat out the glass, and I could hear it crash and tinkle on the
65 alleyway below. It was at this juncture that I, in trying to get up, had the uncanny sensation of feeling my bed above me! Foggy with sleep, I now suspected, in my turn, that the whole uproar was being made in a frantic endeavor to extricate me from what must be an unheard-of and perilous situation. "Get me out of this!" I bawled. "Get me out!" I think I had the nightmarish belief that I was entombed
70 in a mine. "Gugh," gasped Briggs, floundering in his camphor.

By this time my mother, still shouting, pursued by Herman, still shouting, was trying to open the door to the attic, in order to go up and get my father's body out

Continued

of the wreckage. The door was stuck, however, and wouldn't yield. Her frantic pulls on it only added to the general banging and confusion. Roy and dog were now up, the one shouting questions, the other barking.

Father, farthest away and soundest sleeper of all, had by this time awakened by the battering on the attic door. He decided that the house was on fire. "I'm coming, I'm coming!" he wailed in a slow, sleepy voice—it took him many minutes to regain full consciousness. My mother, still believing he was caught under the bed, detected in his "I'm coming!" the mournful, resigned note of one who is preparing to meet his Maker. "He's dying!" she shouted.

"I'm all right!" Briggs yelled to reassure her. "I'm all right!" He still believed that it was his own closeness to death that was worrying mother. I found at last the light switch in my room, unlocked the door, and Briggs and I joined the others at the attic door. The dog, who never did like Briggs, jumped for him—assuming that he was the culprit in whatever was going on—and Roy had to throw Rex and hold him. We could hear father crawling out of bed upstairs. Roy pulled the attic door open, with a mighty jerk, and father came down the stairs, sleepy and irritable but safe and sound. My mother began to weep when she saw him. Rex began to howl. "What in the name of God is going on here?" asked father.

The situation was finally put together like a gigantic jig-saw puzzle. Father caught a cold from prowling around in his bare feet but there were no other bad results. "I'm glad," said mother, who always looked on the bright side of things, "that your grandfather wasn't here."

James Thurber (1894–1961)

Thurber was a writer and cartoonist who gained fame in the pages of *The New Yorker*.

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